

CERTAINE  
ENGLISH  
Verses, presented vnto

the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, by a Courtier; In ioy of the most happie disclosing, of the most dangerous conspiracies pretended by the late executed Traitors, against her royall person, and the whole Estate.



AT LONDON

Printed by Henrie Haslop, and are to bee  
sold in Paules Church-yard at the  
signe of the Bible.

1586.

THE  
ENGLISH

WELSH PRIMER

AND



AT LONDON

Printed by Henry Hallam and Co.

Printed by Henry Hallam and Co.

Printed by Henry Hallam and Co.

1801



THE TRIUMPHS OF TROPHES,

In Saphic verse of Iubiles.



IF DAVID daunst for ioy before  
the Arke being a king  
If Earac sang when Israels foes were  
foild,  
Then victors wee that *Deboras* song  
may sing  
Our *Judith* stout *Holofernes* Mates  
hath spoild.

*Exultātes caritate Domino, & iubilare Deo Jacob. Psal. 80.*

If *Rome* of *Romane* Triumphes earst was oft so glad  
and likewise *Greece* of *Grecians* Trophes ioyed:  
If *Iewes* of *Iubilees* their onlie mirth haue had  
then *England* leap, and laugh aloud for *Queene* enioyd.

*Psal. 98. Psallite Domino in Cithara iocunda & voce carminis.*

Now *Baal* and *Bell*, now *Titanes* sonnes are slaine,  
their Prophets false their wicked Priests are kild  
Their *Pluto* howles that *Babels* brood are taen,  
their Tower did fall that *Nimrods* Imps did build.

*Clangite in bann, sumite psalmi, & date tympanum cinnabulo. Psal. 80.*

Sith *Nessus* brood and *Cassius* crue are knowen  
like *Siluanes* *Centaures* conspurde your Realme to quail,  
Take courage *Queene*, for *Sinon* sleights abroad are blowen,  
the *Traitours* found, and yet the treasons faile.

*Tu deus dissipasti impios & confregisti capita draconum in aquis.*

These *Cicloppes* seede which at your crowne doe kicke  
and frame a forme to make your kingdome bleed,  
Like *Giants* seeke with stones the starres to strike  
but mist the marke and wound themselves in deed:

*Demersae sunt gentes in foveam quam fecerunt.*

They vowd *Zopirus* vowes, to please *Darius* beck  
they sought a new deuise which *Sphinx* of *Rome* the taught,  
They faine would finde, that *England* had one neck,  
that by a stroke the head might off they sought.

*Sepulcrum patens guttur eorum. Psal. 5*



*The triumphes of Trophees*

*Gladiū strinxerunt. & arcū sederunt impij, ut ingulens eos qui recti sunt corde.*

Their match was made, their wager was not wonne,  
their snares were laid, but yet their purpose mist,  
Their day decreed, and yet the deed not done,  
a will they had you see, that wanted what they wist.

*Uiderunt cadauera mortuū in cibum aiubus celi. Psal. 93.*

What thought *Pyragmons* sprats to doe, we know,  
their Romish *Iesabell Naboths* vineyard fought,  
Who like *Medusa* bends her cursed Bow  
the onlie *Circes*, which hath this mischief wrought.

*Deus ulionum est Dominus. Psal. 94.*

These vipers tend with *Briareus* hundred hands,  
with hundred *Argus* eies these Scorpions wait,  
These busie *Basilisks* and brood of *Cocatrice* stands  
like *Nilus* Crocodiles hungrie for their bait.

*Callidi excogitarunt. consiliū contra dominū. Psal. 93.*

These sucking serpents, these monstrous snakish crewe,  
these blooddie Dragons like spitefull Asps are set,  
With *Hidras* heads which erst *Alcides* slue  
are now of late with our *Bellona* meete.

*Uti Ierusalem poneres in acervum ruinarum. Psal. 79.*

Of Canaan faine, they would a *chaos* make,  
and bring *Palladium* in, our *Ilion* to deface,  
A spoile for *Hispaïne*, a feat for *Fraunce* in hand they take  
and quite to make an end of *Briutus* race.

*Via impiorum tenebrosa, nesciunt ubi corrumpant. Prov. 4.*

Thus these climbing mates *Euceladus* like attempt,  
in armes seeke *Ioue* from skies by force to take,  
They seeke the Sun, the Moone, the Starres in great contempt  
to obscure their light a deadlie Eclips to make.

*Sepē expugnauerunt me a iuuē tute mea nunc dicat Iſrael. Psal. 129.*

They seeke with *Phaeton Phoebus* charge to rest,  
*Vulcans* net, *Gordions* knot they would vnknit  
And breake their blooddie blades on *Pallas* breast,  
thus they couet much in *Moses* chaire to sit.

To wrest from *Hercules* hand his Club, who can?  
who may from *Ioue*, his lightning take by force?  
*Homers* verse, who can disgrace? I say no man,  
who then can touch a sacred Princes coarſe,

Though

*in Saphic verse of Iubilees.*

Though *Cesar* was in Senate slaine by *Brute* his friend,  
Though *Cirus* head was bathd in blood luke warme,  
No maruaile though, for blood requireth blood at thend  
but mercie too much thine, I feare doth harme,

*Sanguis sanguinis  
merces Deus*

For if *Laban* was for *Iacob* sake so blest,  
and *Putiphar*s hap, by *Ioseph*s meane no lesse  
Our hap, our blisse, our ioyes wherein we rest.  
For whom it is, we must of force confesse.

*Genes. 30. 39.*

Who with *Ionas* gurth hath sau'd vs from the Sunne,  
Who with *Aser* shoes, hath kept vs from the mire?  
Who hath with *Dauids* sling *Goliath* mates vndone,  
our *Cynthia*; she who hath appea'd *Iehouas* ire.

*Tegmen a tur-  
bine & umbra-  
culum ab estu  
dominus. Deut.  
33.*

These on *Bellerophons* horse doe ride in skie,  
with *Icarus* wings to clime in cloudes is their drift,  
These would make *Architas* wooden Doue to flie,  
What blinde *Terecias* doth not see their shift,

*Querunt ani-  
ma mea & me-  
ditari sunt tota  
die dolor Ps. 38.*

In *Phatonissa* schoole, at *Endor* they were taught,  
with *Dracos* inke to write, with *Creons* seale to signe,  
With *Iudas* kisse to kill, with *Hamons* haue they sought,  
both *Iudaes* spoyle, and *Sions* fall in fine.

*Pone eos domine  
ut clibanum ig-  
nis in tempore  
ire tua. Psal. 21.*

These seceet *Satires*, these cruell *Catelins* wait,  
these dogs of *Moabs* house greadie of their pray.  
Like *Eumenides* whelpes tending on their bait,  
*Vultures* for *Prometheus* guts readie set in ray.

They ventured *Acherontas* depth to wade,  
they striued through *Stigias* streame to faile,  
Mauger of *Megeras* head away they made,  
by *Carons* help, *Elisus* field to assaile.

*A periculis per-  
sequentium &  
a conuentu ma-  
lignantium tu  
salus mea.*

To make spotted Ewes with *Iacobs* stick they sought,  
to walke vnseene, with *Giges* ring faine they would  
Of *Simon Magus* these men would faine be taught,  
like *Curres* by *Circes* charm'd to be with *Lions* bold.

*Ejce fulmen &  
dissipe eos: mitte  
sagittas tuas &  
distorba illos.  
Psal.*

*The triumphes of Trophes*

*Leuate signū  
capta est Babilon,  
cōfusus est Bēl.*

*Circes* cup is false, *Calipso* sauce is shed  
*Balins* brood is bard, their *Harpies* are descried,  
*Cerberus* soppes are found, *Cirens* songs are red  
thus is *Accaron* knowen, and *Romane* Idoll tried.

*Carnes piorum  
bestijs terra de-  
derunt. Psal. 25*

Their drinke is blood, their bread is humane flesh,  
Consuls heads with Preachers tongues their food, & what  
Is their daintiest dish? Princes harts I gessie,  
Thus like *Basan* Bulles, they feed their Pope with fat.

*Conati sunt pri-  
uare me anima  
mea. Psal. 25.*

But time decreed, how long should *Assur* live,  
and God foretoide, when *Pharaoes* life should end,  
To take thy life the man of sinne doth strive,  
in vaine O Queene, when Angels thee defend.

*Non obueniet ti-  
bi malū, nec ap-  
propinquabit  
plaga tabernacu-  
lo tuo. Psal. 62.*

Could *Jonas* in the raging Seas be drown'd?  
could Lions *Daniel* in their Dennes deuoure?  
Might *Misael* burne in fire furnace bound?  
durst Traitors blade attempt our sacred Princes bowre?

*Non est consiliū  
nec prudentia  
contra Dominū.*

A blast of winde made *Th' assirians* hoast to flie,  
Earthen pots made *Madianites* to take their flight,  
Hornes threw *Ierichoes* wall flat on ground to be,  
God, makes Flies, Frogs, Rats and Lice, for him to fight.

*Pone eos sicut  
rotam, & sicut  
stipulam ante  
uentum.*

*Cains* curse, *Herods* death, I wish on them to fall,  
that seeke a sacred Prince with secret sword to kill,  
*Judas* death to good for *Judas* mates I call,  
who bathes in blood, and drinke of blood their fill.

*Intret gladius  
eorum in cor eo-  
rum. Psal. 37.*

But Serpents neuer build in Boxe, nor breede  
in *Cipres* tree, no Canker can the *Emerald* touch,  
Euen so these hellish *Heliottes* cannot feed,  
on her whose vertues rare amaseth such.

*Profer lanceā,  
apprehēde clype-  
& surge in auxi-  
liū domine.  
psal. 36.*

These *Minotaurus* brood from *Rome*, from *Creete*,  
with sword and fire, in *Albion* swarme like Bees  
Like *Sampsons* Foxes with fired tails and feet,  
they dread no death to winne a Popish fees.



*in Saphie verses of Iubiles.*

In *Rhodes* was neuer seen, they say, an Eagles nest  
some hold it so, tha *Creete* can breed no Owle,  
And *Crowes* in *Athens* were neuer seen at least  
that *England* breeds no wolues, an error foule.

*Cymerians* blinde, that haunts *Troponius* Caue,  
could neuer bide the shining *Sunne* in sight,  
Who still in darknesse dwell, the light doe neuer craue,  
but like *Cacus* Captiues shrouded aie with night,

*Qui ambulat  
in tenebris oculis  
lucem.*

A simple *Goat* could assuage god *Faunus* ire,  
a grunting hog could *Neptunes* rage appease,  
A feelie *Cocke* could coole *Asculapius* fire,  
but *Lions* croud, the bull of *Rome* must please.

*Dij Gentium va-  
ni sunt. Deus  
noster calos fe-  
cit.*

His *Dan* and *Bethell*, sacred *Pantheon* cald,  
his sinagoge esteemes no *Oxe*, no *Calf*, no *Bull*,  
But blood of kings in *Rovall* seates enstald,  
wherein *Perillus* part he plaies at full

*miserunt in Ig-  
nem sancta ma-  
ter polluerunt ta-  
bernaculum no-  
minis sui. Ps. 74*

No fire in *Rome* could *Romulus* stasse consume,  
no meanes might make king *Pyrrhus* toes to burne  
But *Pope* with *Navius* knife euer durst presume,  
with *Briers* and *Brambles* make *Cædar* trees to mourn,

But might these mates haue had but *Aarons* rod in hand  
or could haue borrowed *Elias* cloke no doubt,  
They had made the Seas, on both sides for to stand,  
that *Fraunce* and *Spaine* might make the slaughter out,

*Anima nostra si-  
cut passer erepta  
est ex laqueo ve-  
nantium. Psal.*

Their *Dagon* fell, our sacred *Arke* stood vp,  
their *Pharao* myst, our *Moses* did preuaile,  
Their crosse was downe, our crowne did neuer stoupe,  
Their *Barge* did sinke, our *Ship* top gallant saile,

*Quis deus præ-  
ter Dominum?  
quis fortis et fi-  
cus? Deus noster  
Sam: 22*

Noughtie *Nabals* curse on *David* neuer fell?  
*Achitophels* cruel counsaile did no good  
to *Absalon*, when *Absalon* did rebell?  
*Semei* could doe no harme, when *Semei* God withstood.

*Cadant a consi-  
lijs suis, quoniã  
rebelles sunt ti-  
bi. Psal.*

*EliZeus*

*The Triumphes of Trophies, &c.*

*Regen. 4. cap. 7  
Act. cap. 5  
Act. cap. 19.*

*Elizens* bones could raise the Dead from graue,  
*Peters* shadowe passing by, made sicke men hole,  
*Pauls* handkercher from death, did many saue,  
thus vertue deales to vertuous men her dole

*Spiritus procel-  
larum erit pars  
callicis eorum.  
Psal.*

But *Balles* of *Rome* and *Peares* of *Hispaine* did more,  
they murder whom they will, and pardon whom they list,  
Kings from crownes depriue, and kings to crownes restore,  
thus to shadow *Cesar* states, the Pope hath euer wist.

*Pluet super im-  
pios laqueos, ig-  
nem & sulphur.*

If *Dathan* and *Abiron* sanke for treason wrought,  
if *Affur*, *Pharo* so enuied *Dauids* seat,  
If Greekes Iewes and Gentiles *Iacobs* starre haue sought,  
these *Gorgons* would *Eliza* faine from Crowne defeat.

*Inimicos maxime  
sua inimicos  
suos. Psal.*

When *Perseus* sword shall snatch of *Medusas* head,  
when *Mercuries* whistle lulls *Argos* eies to sleep,  
When *Phæbus* faulchon kils monstrous *Python* dead,  
then shall *Eliza* make *Romane Cerberus* creepe:

Though still you beare, the Oliue branch in breast,  
yet some wish you *Hermes Harpen* in your hand,  
Though you the Lambe imbrace, the Lion is your beast,  
for mercie must with iustice ioine to rule a land.

*Dispelle eos  
sicut palea  
a facie vultus.  
Psal. 1.*

Cleanse *Angels* hall, destroy *Stymphalides* seede,  
your souldiers readie preast, do stand in aray,  
Thunders, hailstones, brimstone, fier, your foes shal speede  
*Angels* armd, hosts from hie, God himself will say,

*Stent & saluēt  
re augures cali  
qui contemplā-  
tur sidera:  
Esa. 47.*

To *Cuma* trudge, of *Sibill* knowe your fates,  
to *Ammons* priests, at *Ammons* temple scrape,  
To *Delphos* post, call and knock at *Phæbus* gates,  
to knowe of *Phæbus* how traitors best may scape.

*Dux famina  
factum.*

No Iewell, Gemme, no goulde to giue I had,  
no Indian stones, no *Persean* gaze in hand.  
No pearles from *Pactolus* to a Prince, yet glad,  
these happie *Halcions* daies to see in *Britaine* land,

FINIS. P. L. L.





